




# How I spent my summer vacation,

## by Charles Villette, age 25

### 1/2



Chaz

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**MOOD:** 😞 tired

**MUSIC:** Garbage - Metal Heart

So we ate in the kitchen, with the Cowboy dashing out between thunderstorms to tend the grill. And even though I wasn't up to making chili verde yesterday, there was still chili verde, because Duke stepped in to pinch hit. And produced something delicious and spicy and indistinguishable from chili verde as I would have made it. (He confessed to using my recipe, such as it is, so that's not really surprising.)

And the Cowboy also made baked beans, and there were Dad's frijoles negros, and there were steaks and burgers and Gardenburgers and giant marinated portobello mushroom caps and chicken on the grill, and Wonder Woman brought something kind of amazing that looked like coleslaw but which she admitted was made with packaged shredded vegetables and ramen noodles and fruit and sesame seeds, and Mom brought three kinds of salad--fruit and a green salad and something with grapes and carrots that was really insanely good. And there were Wabbit's pies, of course, and Harpy brought home-made salsa (which she made herself without any help and only cut one finger) and chips.

So nobody needed me to cook, and we still ate like kings. Which was pretty nice, I guess. Even though I felt kind of like a fifth wheel. It was raining so much I didn't even get to hobble outside (maybe I should look into a walker) and criticize the Cowboy's grilling technique. I bet he squishes the burgers with a spatula.

So I wasn't needed at all, and I got to sit enthroned and be waited on.

And now I'm going to go put the leftover chicken I brought home

out on the fire escape and see if the Angry Kitten will come out of the rain, because I haven't seen her since I got back.

Sorry to turn off comments, guys, but I'm just not up to it right now. It's not about you, 'k?

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[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.

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